The Ladies' Monitor.

"THE MIND TO IMPROVE, AND YET AMUSE."

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1801. [NO. IX.

A new Novel, entitled, "MARGARETTA; OR, THE VILLAGE MAID," will shortly be handed for publication. We shall insert a few pages in the LADIES' MONITOR, as a specimen of the work, that those who may wish to become subscribers may be enabled to form an idea of its merit. It is written by the authoress of the SECOND VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, BEGGAR-GIRL, &c. &c.

[CONTINUED.]

Rahway-Bridge, May 14.

MY DEAR ALINDA,

You cannot, with any degree of plausibility, accuse me of neglect. I write twice for your once; and were there even room to suspect me of a want of affection in a remissness in writing, my situation and circumstances would sufficiently plead my excuse; but this you cannot with propriety. I write as often as time or opportunity do possibly admit of.

Besides, what can I have to impart that might be either amusing or interesting? You say that my letters are short, cool and inanimate. That that warmth of sentiment does not of late prevade them, that had heretofore done. If this be a fault what shall I plead in extenuation of it: only an empty head; not a faithless heart: mere want of subject to fill up the blank of a half sheet——I might write daily, and begin my letters with——I take this opportunity to write to you, hoping this may find you in good health, &c.—and end it with no more at present, but remain your loving friend, till death does us part.—Were I a heroine of a novelist, it were perhaps possible for me to furnish subjects that might excite your mirth, or lure the latent tear: but as I am only a simple creature that knows nothing of the world but to work, to eat, and to sleep; to laugh when any thing pleases me, or weep when any little wayward incident of life vexes me: such as when my cat kills an innocent honey-bird, or when I am undeservedly scolded by my dad.—He calls me impudent creature, because I cannot consent to be the wife of farmer Nelson's Nicholas. Often threatens and scolds, even says he will turn me out of doors for my obstinacy as he is pleased to call it: but has as yet used no other compulsatory means to frighten me into his measures. From his moroseness, however, I have every thing to dread and fear. I sigh and am myself a stranger to the cause of his angry deportment. I wish to act consistently with my father's wish, yet a secret mist obscures my reason, and I am lost in my own unintelligible reflections.

At times, when I sit and behold the dejected countenance of my poor old mother, rendered thus by incessant labour to gain a scanty subsistance, my heart bleeds, and peals of sorrow swell my breast. I avow in these moments of returning reason a thorough obedience to the will of my father, and think that if providence should not provide more plentifully for us this harvest, I will voluntarily agree to be the wife of this Nicholas to see my poor old parents more happy on earth.

Farmer Nelson is rich, and I am poor. This is of considerable consequence to my provident father. Then when I think of sacrificing my inclination to duty, for those to whom I owe life, and all its blessings, I feel so exalted in my own idea, that I could throw myself at the feet of this Nicholas and plead his acceptance of me. But when this enthusiasm of love subsides, and gradually gives room to the sober consideration of having a whole life to spend with a man, who is at present an object of hatred and aversion to me, no one can conceive the anguish I experience; and I sink into a state of undescribable dejection and inquietude.

The time you and I spent at school together,

was the happiest of my life. You may remember I was envied by the little girls for being distinguished as a handsome child. I often excited mirth and hilarity among a certain number of us, but never gave rise to little malicious differences between you and me. This compliment has been repeatedly made me, since my leaving school, and always attended with the same consequences. The village girls avoid me, and illnaturedly retort that I am proud of my beauty: when, in truth, I have not judgment enough to know whether or not I am handsomer than they. A gentleman has, however, within these few days, been very lavish of obscure insinuations of my beauty.—He spoke of love to me; but his professions did not even reach the surface of my heart: and yet, I must acknowledge that his advances were generous in the highest degree. There is a certain refinement attached to a city education, that in spite of ourselves steals upon our attention: this has been the case relative to myself and this gentleman: but trust me, my affections have continued undisturbed. He left our village yesterday: perhaps I shall never see him more. I believe he conceived a certain degree of esteem for me, for which I shall ever be grateful to him.

Whilst he was here, he repeatedly told me that nature had designed me for a lady; at this I smiled, knowing that providence generally places us in such situations as we are best adapted to move in. Yet when he spoke, his voice was so soft and musical, that I listened to him with attention, and even pleasure: not that my vanity was raised with his liberal and even profuse compliments; no, this I am persuaded is only the insignificant gallantry of the great world, as delineated to us in various novels. Therefore my heart remained untouched. But when he bid us adieu, then this busy morsel palpitated excessively; and a tear was ready to start: but I held the little sly peeper under certain controul, and shall bid it make its appearance only when a subject worthy of it calls for its attendance.

Remember me to your dear mother.

Your friend, affectionately,

MARGARETTA WILMOT.

Rahway-Bridge, May 20.

Thy happy friend is once more seated near the window that commands a full view of his favorite cottage. This passing moment I had a courtsey from my sweetly blushing maid. Oh! Augustus, the contrast between her and Arabella is such as you can have no idea of. Arabella's mercenary motives of love make me, when I contrast her's with this villager's humble pretensions, feel an utter aversion to her.—Besides, Arabella is haughty, arrogant, self-sufficient, artful and homely.—Margaretta, meek, modest, unassuming, artless, and beautiful. Which in your opinion is the most desirable? Let me state two positions more. Arabella rich!! Margaretta poor: on one of these two monosyllables, alas! depends my fate. Would I were one of those high-born souls, who prefer love in a cottage, to ease and affluence in a palace, I would marry this girl in the face of my father, and all the world; for my dread of his curse does not predominate equally with my fear of unavoidable beggary. I believe, that my averseness to imitate those condescending superiors, who trifle away fortune for love, proceeds from a generous principle; for I could not reconcile to my neighbour's conscience the idea of rendering so meritorious a creature inevitably miserable, by plunging her into a state of hopeless poverty.

When I believed Margaretta to be a simpleton, or a picture, fit only to grace a gentleman's antichamber, I supposed it a duty incumbent on me to rescue her from surrounding dangers, such as you know an humble beauty is hourly exposed to. I had even the folly to suppose that it would be an act of generosity to draw her forth from obscurity to opulence; and to provide as genteelly as I intended for her parents. But on a nearer inspection of her character, this phantastical heroism of virtue vanishes and degrades me in proportion as her heaven-illumined mind beams forth spontaneously on my benighted soul.—She ought not, nor must she be trifled with.

Oh! woman—woman—how great your sway over man, when your powers are properly directed! Meekness and modesty, when seemingly most con-

spicuous in your character, awe us; but when by the unerring rectitude of your conduct we are convinced of the reality, how each bold thought shrink into itself; and we feel the God-like influence of virtue diffuse itself over our souls as a balm to make us happier and wiser.

I have intimated my wish of making a lady of her, but she is too innocent and unsuspicious, to suppose I want her on any other terms than those of WIFE: and, wild as I may be, I am not hardened enough to seduce and decoy her away under such villainous pretences.

For feelings, delicate as Margaretta's, such insinuations as tend, in their consequences, to degrade the female character in the opinion of the vulgar, will no doubt injure me in her estimation of my character. I must first have a full conviction of possessing her heart. This one point gained, is all that my success with her depends on. I am convinced that no mercenary motive would induce her to fly implicitly into the bosom of a stranger. No; love alone, that powerful agent for villains in the breast of an innocent, lovely girl, does more execution than millions of money without.

Let me again, and again, state a supposition, that I might, perhaps, gain her consent to be mine on my own terms, without the knowledge of her parents, would this, think you, heighten my crime? If even my intention can with reason be reduced to criminality. Were it not better to let them know the nature and extent of my intention candidily? My conscience, which, in spite of all my endeavours to lull it to silence, still opposes my designs; this at least would be freed from the dread of being persued by their curses. But is there a probability that a father, a mother, apparently so honest and good, would meanly consent to barter their child, and see her humbled for lucrative purposes? I doubt it. The moroseness depicted on her fathers countenance, seems to me indicative of principle, and a steadiness in virtue, seldom to be met with in a peasant.

Her mother, kind hearted creature, repeatedly said, the afternoon that I spent in the cottage, that she was blessed with a good daughter, who, she is persuaded, was sent her as a comfort to her declining years. If she only could be prevailed on to marry Nicholas, then she is sure she could die in peace. I must converse with Margaretta on this subject. I will advise her with seeming disinterestedness. Her objections to Nicholas will consequently be started, and my line of conduct be drawn accordingly.

It seems that Nicholas and Margaretta had been play-mates from their earliest childhood. A singularity of character had ever distinguished her from her little associates. When they would be at their gambols and play, she would seldom join in their amusements; and though amidst all the alluring temptations of juvenile mirth and hilarity, she would either sit musing as a philosopher, or spend her leisure hours in reading. At the early age of eight years, Nicholas evinced a partiality towards her, which, with time and maturity, has grown into a solid attachment, Margaretta's heart, however, remains untouched. She confesses she has a sisterly affection for him; but to harbour a sentiment of a tenderer nature would be utterly impossible. The reason of this is obvious; she is gifted by nature with genius; her judgment which through the powers of her mind, has been consolidated by reading, and a little observation, has refined her sentiments, and now she seeks for a congenial soul. Hers is seated in her animated eye; and but one glance at her, will convince you, that Nicholas was not designed to contribute to the happiness of Margaretta.

Yours as ever,

WILLIAM DE BENSON.

Rahway-Bridge, May 21.

I HAVE been making conciliations with my conscience. This turbulent upstart is hard to be dealt with. Why did my mother inculcate such fanciful principles on my docile mind? Why tell me, that to act conformably with the dictates of my conscience would be the only source of true happiness to me? When such questions arise as counteract my inclination, with respect to the cottage affair, I blush at my own weakness. In the dead of last nighs's darkness, I have resolved to conquer

this unnecessary propensity of womanish fear, and cling to my purpose in an undaunted career.

In consequence of this, I rode out early this morning, in quest of a house that might be appropriated to the purpose of carrying my dear girl to, until she could be prepared by necessary articles of dress, to fit her for an introduction into, what she calls the great world. At a considerable distance from here, I found a house which I had previously been informed, was inhabited by a fortune-teller, She was easily prevailed on, from the appearance of my purse to adjust such matters as were necessary to the completion of my purpose. And I returned elated with my speedy success; flattering myself with the hope of soon being able to transport the blushing Margaretta in the security of love, to this silent retreat.

On repassing the cottage, I gave my horse the spur, and set him prancing to and fro on the green before the cottage. Margaretta was gazing at me, and seemed pleased with the nobleness of my horse. It may be her heart thrilled with a supposition, that one day perhaps, she might be the mistress of so beautiful an animal. For what woman is exempt from vanity? I bowed respectfully; she returned the compliment. I sprang from my horse, gave Sandy the bridle, and flew into the cottage.

Margaretta, my love, how have you been since I had the pleasure of seeing you? very well, sir. Indeed you look so—so blooming! So charming! Oh! for one kiss, thought I. But her dignified reserve awed me into diffidence, and abashed my determination of springing to embrace her. Such is the power of genuine modesty.

I entered into conversation with her on various subjects. She hourly discovers a mind to me of singular information. I am more surprised than I can express, that one reared in such utter sequestration should be able to form ideas so aptly; and give her opinions so judiciously: and withall, be so totally ignorant of the world's deception and wickedness. It is evident that she judges each individual by herself, and through this medium supposes society at large to consist of mortal angels. Nor does she advance her opinions arrogantly; it is ever done with a due submission to your better judgment. Her language is simple, yet powerful, and seems to flow from an inexhaustible fountain.

The old people were absent from the cottage. At length her father came in, loaded with old hay-rakes which were thrown over his shoulder. You have been busy, old gentleman. Yes, sir, I am preparing now for mowing. Very hard work, I suppose, father? All work is hard, sir, when age has made a change here, pointing to his silvery locks; and, continued he, Margaretta has no doubt been very busy also; yes sir, she has indeed been very industrious in your absence. Has no doubt sir; no doubt: daughter, sir, must be maintained. She is worth her bread, full worth her bread. But her mother will soon reap the fruits of her indulgence to that girl. I hope, father, you are not angry at Margaretta. Angry, sir; why, indeed, I am angry at her; do you think that we can persuade her to marry this Nicholas? No, sir; though she sees with her own eyes, that her poor, old father is ruined by this last misfortune, still, sir, she persists in her obstinacy. What mishap has befell you, father? Why, sir, my best and only milk-cow has been guilefully bewitched by some wicked old devil, and died yesterday, with a swelling ready to burst her in twenty places.—I am very sorry for you, and before I could finish the sentence, he had hemed twice or thrice, and left the room.

During this heavy complaint I observed by the rising and falling of Margaretta's tucker, that her heart was ready to burst. I endeavoured to sooth her by saying, that age and labour had no doubt conduced to sour her father's temper. That his insinuations could not influence me against—they made me feel rather more sensibly for her. That would she only put it into my power, she should be one of the happiest of her sex: but, continued I, since you think it is impossible to be happy with me, by your objections to my stating some liberal proposals to your old father, suppose you consent, in obedience to your father's will, to marry your neighbour's son; what's his name? I forget.—You mean Nicholas Nelson, returned she, with a trembling voice. Oh! Mr. de Benson, I cannot. Why not, dearest Margaretta. Look upon me, I repeat it again, as your friend; do, my dear

girl, make me your confident, and I will take the same interest in your fate as were I your brother. Now tell why you are so averse to a marriage with this Nicholas. Perhaps you have not sufficiently deliberated on the benefits of such a contract. Perhaps, in the course of a month or two, you will think more seriously of, and consent voluntarly to, the connection. I cannot now, said she, nor will I ever. Is he not rich enough? if that be the obstacle tell me, and I will add to your dowry, that you shall be both comfortable. Generous man! exclaimed she, raising her eyes, which she had not before ventured to do, and a sentiment of gratitude beamed from them, accompanied with a tear. This tear was more grateful to my heart than the most eloquent words could have been. How little did this artless, unsuspecting creature, dream of the artifice couched under these specious professions of friendship. Oh Margaretta! if ever you be mine, each pang that my proposal may give you, shall be amply repaid by an unremitting assiduity and attention to render you supremely happy.

The tear trickled down her cheek, and dropped on her hand. I bowed over her and kissed it off. She blushed deeply, but composed herself instantly. This tear, said I, was a tribute too flattering to my heart to let it pass unnoticed. Now tell me, Margaretta: why do you object to this marriage. I will add three hundred pounds to your little stock. Will this influence you to consent to it? do tell me, my dear; come, without hesitation. Oh! dear sir; pray do not mention this circumstance: indeed I never can agree—Oh! am I dear to you! am I; and I caught her precipitately in my arms. She struggled violently. I pressed her to my throbbing bosom. The moment she had disengaged herself she sprang from me, locked herself into the next room, and I saw nothing of her till she made her appearance on the green with her milk-pail.

I continued a considerable time alone; happy in the remembrance of having had the lovely creature so near my heart. At length her mother and sister came in. It appeared from their dress that they had been out on a visit. Old dame Wilmot gave me a very cordial welcome: and was surprised to find me alone. She enquired, very anxiously, why Margaretta had left me sitting by myself, adding that it did not shew her good breeding.—But I suppose, said she, she is gone to milk: I cannot tell, dame; 'tis very probable she is.—I remained in the cottage till dark, with a hope of making my peace with Margaretta; but I expected her in vain. She avoided my presence; and a reconciliation can only take place to-morrow.

WILLIAM DE BENSON.

HERCULES'S CHOICE.

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw too women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment: her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business.

The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications.—Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, my friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness. The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose vissage glowed with passion made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose! To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music; which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands.—Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none can eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their slumbers, honoured by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty.—As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and

advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that, since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

It it is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, the earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained.—Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, at Smith Town (L. I.) Capt. Henry Rogers, to Miss Abigail Smith, daughter of Richard Smith, Esq. of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. David Day, to Miss Latitia Young, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. Richard Kedney, to Miss Maria Lewis, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. George Strebeck, Mr. Jordan Mott, to Miss Lavinia Striker, daughter of James Striker, Esq. of Bloomingdale.

DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Charles Watkins, of this city, merchant, after an illness of three weeks. His remains were the next day interred in the family vault at Hærlem. Mr. Watkins was in the prime of life, and has left a widow and five young children to lament his loss.

On Wednesday, last week, at Morris Town, Silas Condict, Esq. in the 61st year of his age, after a few days illness.

SELECTED POETRY.

EPILOGUE TO THE ROBBERY.

A ROBBERY!....five hundred pounds reward!
Look to your watches...o'er your stores keep guard!
I've lost my pocket-handkerchief!....'tis gone!
T'was worth two shillings....though it cost but one.
The hue and cry is up....seize, seize the wretch!
And give him up to gibbits and Jack Ketch.
But let the licens'd robber freely roam
And prowl abroad, or lurk for pray at home.
Let heroes seize the mighty nabob's store,
Or enter Switzerland and rob the poor.
On Altdorf's hills, or India's fertile plain,
Alike the object, thirst for power or gain.
In either hemisphere the like pretence
Has serv'd to cheat mankind of common sense,
"We only conquer for their proper good,
"To make them happy we must shed their blood."
Thus the fell Spaniard sought Columbia's shore,
And, impious, bore the cross through fields of gore.
Thus every hero who the world has vex'd,
Makes human happines his stale pretext;
Is it to civilize?....Or preach the word?
The first great argument is still....the sword.
"We must have power....you must submit...must pay,
"We know what's right....you perish or obey."
But human happiness was never found
Where grinding swords inflict the deadly wound;
Where hate and vengeance fill the troubled breast,
And man is only seen oppressing and opprest.
It springs from justice....from the love of good,
This must be taught in love....not wrote in blood.
Now to the more familiar robber turn,
O could I make his face with blushes burn!
He, who for prey, still prowls from door to door,
And thieves, by making poverty more poor:
Hold, hold the portrait up, that each may see,
And shrinking cry, "That figure's meant for me!"
But no, I start and tremble at the task,
What force Herculean would the labour ask!
A conscience pure....discernment clear and keen,
A voice and air which speaks the soul serene:
My will is stifled by my conscious fears,
My conscious wish to steal....your smiles and tears,
For robbing is the soul of my vocation,
My mighty strife to steal....no....gain your approbation.

ODE.

WITHIN sweet Stratford's calm retreat,
Repos'd beneath the woodland glade,
I envy not the gaudy great,
Gay dance by night or masquerade,
Far other charms my breast possess,
The joys that from reflection come;
The bland discourse, the soft caress
Of him who makes this Cot a Dome!
Then why exchange my calm retreat,
Impervious to unhallow'd feet,
For crowds that ruder passions know,
To me inelegant and low?
Blest with sweet ease, these woods among,
O Muse benignant hear my lyre!
And on thy suppliant's humble song,
Bestow a spark of heav'nly fire.
To thy all-conquering, magic smile,
I owe my bliss; the praise is thine;
For not the studied glance or wile,
Could keep the heart I boast as mine.
Beauty is but a fading rose,
Of ev'ry passing gale the prey;
But sence a longer triumph knows,
Nor will its charms with age decay.
Then Oh! with knowledge feed my soul,
Blest Muse! and teach my verse to roll! ELEANOR.

THE ADIEU TO THE VILLAGE.

FAREWELL the woodland's calm retreat,
The daisied mead and flow'ry vale,
Where late I roam'd with careless feet,
And carroll'd to the vernal gale.
No Nymph with more true joy was blest
Than I, these roseate bow'rs among;
Where, ev'ry care beguil'd to rest,
The Muse propitious heard my song.
Oh! may she still her smiles bestow,
By far more passing sweet to me,
Than sleep to one opprest with woe,
Or honied-blossom to the bee.
Where'er I find my next retreat,
Whether beneath the hill or dale,
Still may my Cot sweet sounds repeat,
Soft echoing to my artless tale. IBID.

TO FLAVIA.

HE who thy lovely face beholds,
Where beauty ev'ry charm unfolds,
Is surely blest; but more so he
Who hears thy voice of harmony.
But more than mortal is the bliss
Of him who ravishes a kiss,
In playful dalliance, from the lips
Where love his glowing empire keeps:
But quite a God is, sure, the swain
Who feels thee, Flavia, kiss again;
And from that mouth the gift receives
Which all his soul of sense bereaves.